

THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

THIS PRINTING 550,000

JANUARY, 1944  
HOLIDAY ISSUE

# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR  
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS  
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

## ARTICLES

ERNEST BOYD  
DONALD HOUGH  
KENT SAGENDORPH  
JAMES WARNER BELLAH  
COMPTON PAKENHAM  
HARRY SALPETER  
MARVIN LEWIS  
HERBERT M. ALEXANDER

## FICTION

MANUEL KOMROFF  
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD  
ERSKINE CALDWELL  
IRWIN SHAW  
JESSE STUART  
SÁNDOR HUNYADY  
LOUIS ZARA  
JACK BYRNE  
COURTNEY O'BRIEN  
EDMUND WARE

## ART

CONSTANTIN ALAJALOV

## SATIRE

PAUL GALICO  
ELDON ROARK  
ROBERT W. MARKS  
HART STILLWELL

## SPORTS

JOHN R. TUNIS  
W. F. FOX, JR.  
BYRON SCHOEMAN  
L. B. ICELY

## DEPARTMENTS

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN  
GILBERT SELDES  
WM. LYON PHELPS  
CARLETON SMITH  
LAWTON MACKALL  
ILES BRODY  
ROBERT W. MARKS

## CARTOONS

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL  
GEORGE PETTY  
VARGA  
RICHARD TAYLOR  
D. MCKAY  
HOWARD BAER  
PAUL WEBB  
B. SHERMUND  
JARO FABRY  
WILLIAM PACHNER  
ADOLPH SCHUS  
TONY BARLOW  
N. A. THOMSEN  
MISCHA RICHTER  
IRVING PHILLIPS  
F. WILKINSON  
HENRY BOLTINOFF  
A. CRAMER  
LEO GAREL  
L. S. SODERSTROM  
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 5

BLUE VALLEY LODGE  
BLUE VALLEY TRAILS

Dear Dick:

If you think an Olds Hydra-Matic is top back home in the flat country, you ought to see it in action here in the mountains. Because it shifts gears automatically through all four speed ranges, you go over the grades like nobody's business - without the nuisance and delay of shifting. Add the fact that there's so little to bother with, and you've got the greatest car there is for mountain driving. You can put me down as Oldsmobile Fan No. 1.

Hastily yours,  
Holl.



January, 1933

"May ye ne'er want for a friend,  
nor a bottle to gie him."

There's one decisive thing about a gift  
of Teacher's Scotch: This famous old  
"Highland" whisky is always in good taste!



"It's the  
flavour"



TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

Made since 1820 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow, Scotland & U.S.A. Agents: Schieffelin & Co., New York City. Importers: Wm. & A. R. Schieffelin & Co., New York City.





*A red velvet and gold angel, her candy wings kept pressed  
into a haunting expression by Eames, is her head  
pinned by one the signature stars of Eames's Christmas Fair,  
penned over by "Katy," whose papered form  
on Eames' canvas guests realize every month. "Katy" has  
special wings and quite a hole for the very special occasion.*



## ESQUIRE'S 2ND ANNUAL CHRISTMAS FAIR



*The information booth in the corner  
of Eames's Christmas Fair at Eastern Air  
Lines Building, 30 Rock Plaza First . . .  
penned over by one of Eames's  
signature gift counselors*

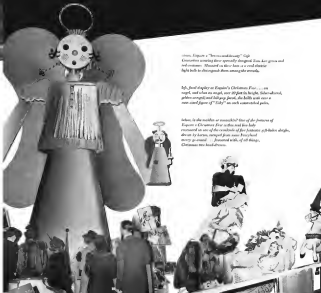
- ... where you pre-plan your entire gift program at one fell swoop
- ... where you choose from the nation's finest assortment of gifts segregated and classified for easy selection
- ... where Esquire's Gift Counselors, miraculously blending good looks and intelligence, guide you through a setting that is your own idea of Fairyland . . . giving you names of retail stores the country over where you may buy what you have selected
- ... where it's fun to be functional
- no charge... return again and again... apex now through Christmas Eve
- Eastern Air Lines Building, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City
- Designed by Robert Rafter . . . Curtains and Displays by Tom Lee, who designed the setings and costumes for "Longest Pantomime" Music by Hammond Stearns, E.C.A. Sound System . . . Illustration by Conway Leaping, Inc.



*even, Esquire's "Tremendous" Gift  
Counselors wearing their specially designed Eames hat, green and  
red costumes. Shown in this hat is a red velvet  
light bulb to distinguish them among the angels.*

*Up-front display at Eames's Christmas Fair . . . an  
angel, and when an angel, over display in height, silver-colored,  
golden-crowned, and holding a gift, the body with one  
more and figure of "Katy" in each connected pole.*

*Below, in the middle of the corner, the first of the features of  
Esquire's Christmas Fair is shown and the body  
remained in one of the corners of the Eames's gift boxes design,  
down by corner, wrapped from one Eames's  
every go-around . . . featured with, of all things,  
Christmas tree headpiece.*

























## Beheading of John the Baptist

Pilate asked why Herod's palace was filled with gloom and what strange trouble was in the air.

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• **PROCTORS** •

**T**hree rode to the city of Tiberias, capital of Galilee, on a special and elaborate caravan. Front a detachment they rode on the white towers of the south of Herod Antipas against the clear blue of the Sea of Galilee. And when they saw this before them they paused and wept.

17 While the present report to the quest is long for his freedom you might desire the present in there and say that two things, the first is that you are a man of the quest with wishes of good health and the second is that you are a man of the quest. You have the right to celebrate his birthday. This gives an answer for coming to there and the gift for there. As for the whale, you have the right to have the whale hold your desire. Speak only what is proper to your heart. Expect his birthday. Some, because he built his life on the name of the whale, he is a man of the quest. While you are a member of India, as a devoted friend, speak no word against him. Let us start that the right of the whale and your father send him names from Alexander and the whale. He will give you a name from the whale. This will please him.

2. Ask if the child knows about the sur-

rules which are being wrought in the land?" asked Laurens, but soon

<sup>2</sup> He may not have heard. And if he did hear then he would not believe. He should be inquired, then speak the truth and say boldly.<sup>32</sup>

After these words were spoken and they felt scared they started down the long ship. Before them was the shore of the blue Sea of Galilee. There stood Antipas, one of the old tyrant Herod, who had slain the innocents in Bethlehem and ruled with blood and terror. And he led the new and beautiful city of Tiberias.

The last marble treasure of the pilones went down in the lake. Tall, graceful, fluted columns supported a thin canopy which gave shade to the stone walls, which led to the shore. A royal pilancones barge was moored to the broad steps which went down to the surface of the lake. Here there were ladies laughing and splashing in the water while the pilones stood on the steps leading towards ocean and the light robes and silences of the bathos. A barges a singer and a dancing girl with tiny brass cymbals led to her fingers were this at the shore entertained the bathos.

But under the steps of the bottom terrace and partly under the steps leading to the water was a dungeon. And in this dungeon was John the Puppet. Here before the bars were gathered a few children and several

palace foreman. Two Roman soldiers, with spears and shields, walked along the central passage keeping guard over the dragon.

All that the travelers saw as they entered the gates of the palace. Having come from so long a journey and wearing hot and dirty, they begged to be allowed to wash before being presented.

Lorenzo was ushered into the long, a pair of water bath where two male attendants helped him wash him with long sponges which they dipped freely into a crock of liquid soap. Then they splashed him with water where they scooped out of the small pail with which he was. They, accounted for him with fragments and helped him put on the garments he had brought for the occasion.

The prince of the desert was an inheritor of Mark and gold breeds which had been presented to his father by one of the princes of India. The sheath of his dagger was of gold and the handle was of ivory. About his neck he wore a heavy gold chain from which hung a great pearl. His steady appearance, his majestic, his generous nature and all about him, even his radiant smile, set him apart from others. He struck the great princes of India.

When the last details of his drive were reported, the court chamberlains entered and with much hurrying and whispering returned to Fontainebleau the French governor of Flanders. He had just arrived escorted by six chariot drivers by his lieutenants and bodyguards. He too was hot and returned with dirt from head to foot. His bag only from one cloak and uncoloured gowns. He had already unbuttoned his second belt and laid it off in the floor where he would have thrown the keys of the city.

"I greet you afn, your Excellency. But you must know I am not a prince of the East nor of the West."

<sup>1</sup> 'Then you see an archaic door next to the Holy Trinity of the King?'

<sup>10</sup> He! He!" laughed the procurator and

spring has made slipped in a fit of lameness. "I have some kinks and suppose I'm a bit less than normal and the young men tell me to be not even an ambassador. He, he. This begins well. I suppose you will tell me next that you are one of the Golden Rule men, or a moral driver, or what?"

<sup>1</sup>Then what?

"I am leaving your Kingdom, and I  
 have no more."

"Oh, so you are *Shades* too?" Now it is clear!

By this time the prosecutor had removed the robot and console and the both attend

Continued on page 22



<sup>10</sup>“Geo, I just love Christmas—don’t you, Mr. Brewster?”



<sup>10</sup>“The important thing is not to move”







# On the Trail of Pat Hobby

**When they mentioned tourist cabins,  
Pat felt like a hunted man, with  
no place to lay his hatless head**

**by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD**

• FICTION •

THE day was dark from the outset, and a California fog crept everywhere. It had followed Pat in his headlong, hatless flight across the city. His destination, his refuge, was the studio, where he was not employed but which had been home to him for twenty years.

Was it his imagination or did the policeman at the gate give him and his pass an especially long look? It might be the lack of a hat—Hollywood was full of hatless men but Pat felt marked, especially as there had been no opportunity to part his thin grey hair.

In the writers' building he went into the lavatory. Then he remembered: by some inspired ukase from above, all mirrors had been removed from the writers' building a year ago.

Across the hall he saw Bee Mellivaines' door ajar, and discerned her plump person. "Bee, can you loan me your compact box?" he asked.

Bee looked at him suspiciously, then frowned and dug it from her purse.

"You on the lot?" she inquired.

"Will he next week," he prophesied. He put the compact on her desk and bent over it with his comb. "Why won't they put mirrors back in the johnnies? Do they think writers would look at themselves all day?"

"Remember when they took out the couches?" said Bee. "In nineteen thirty-two. And they put them back in thirty-four."

"I worked at home," said Pat feelingly. Finished with her mirror he wondered if she were good for a loan—enough to buy a hat and something to eat. Bee must have seen the look in his eyes for she forestalled him.

"The Finns got all my money," she said, "And I'm worried about my job. Either my picture starts tomorrow or it's going to be shelved. We haven't even got a title."

She handed him a mimeographed bulletin from the scenario department and Pat glanced at the headline.

TO ALL DEPARTMENTS:

TITLE WANTED—FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD  
SUMMARY FOLLOWS

"I could use fifty," Pat said. "What's it about?"

"It's written there. It's about a lot of stuff that goes on in tourist cabins."

Pat started and looked at her wild-eyed. He had thought to be safe here behind the guarded gates but news traveled fast. This was a friendly or perhaps not so friendly warning. He must move on. He was a bunted man now, with nowhere to lay his hatless head.

"I don't know anything about that," he mumbled and walked hastily from the room.

## II

Just inside the door of the commissary Pat looked around. There was no guardian except the girl at the cigarette stand but obtaining

another person's hat was subject to one complication: it was hard to judge the size by a cursory glance, while the sight of a man trying on several hats in a check room was unavoidably suspicious.

Personal taste also outruded itself. Pat was beguiled by a green fedora with a sprightly feather but it was too readily identifiable. This was also true of a fine white Stetson for the open spaces. Finally he decided on a sturdy grey Homberg which looked as if it would give him good service. With trembling hands he put it on. It fitted. He walked out—in painful, interminable slow motion.

His confidence was partly restored in the next hour by the fact that no one he encountered made references to tourists' cabins. It had been a lean three months for Pat. He had regarded his job as night clerk for the Selecto Tourists Cabins as a mere fill-in, never to be mentioned to his friends. But when the police squad came this morning they held up the raid long enough to assure Pat, or Don Smith as he called himself, that he would be wanted as a witness. The story of his escape lies in the realm of melodrama, how he went out a side door, bought a half pint of what he so desperately needed at the corner drugstore, hitch-biked his way across the great city, going limp at the sight of traffic cops and only breathing free when he saw the studio's high-down sign.

After a call on Louie, the studio bookie, whose great patron he once had been, he dropped in on Jack Berners. He had no idea to submit, but he caught Jack in a hurried moment flying off to a producers' conference and was unexpectedly invited to step in and wait for his return.

The office was rich and comfortable. There were no letters worth reading on the desk, but there were a decanter and glasses in a cupboard and presently he lay down on a big soft couch and fell asleep.

He was awakened by Berners' return, in high indignation.

"Of all the damn nonsense! We get a hurry call—heads of all departments. One man is late and we wait for him. He comes in and gets a bawling out for wasting thousands of dollars worth of time. Then what do you suppose: Mr. Marcus has lost his favorite hat!"

Pat failed to associate the fact with himself. "All the department heads stop production!" continued Berners. "Two thousand people look for a grey Homberg hat!" He sank despairingly into a chair. "I can't talk to you today, Pat. By four o'clock, I've got to get a title to a picture about a tourist camp. Got an idea?"

"No," said Pat. "No."

"Well, go up to Bee Mellivaines' office and

*Continued in center of page 126*



"Says he'd like a winner for the fifth race at Santa Anita"





"Remember me?"

# For the Love of Brass

**When that little bird-necked Bud talked to his big hoe, he just made a slow hand out of Thorny**

by **JESSE STUART**

• FICTION •

B

THORNY KIRK walked toward his barn. He carried a bucket of feed for the red brood sow in his right hand. In his left arm he carried twenty ears of white corn for the horses. Thorny jerked the gate open with his elbow, kicked it back with his foot, walked into the barn lot, set the feed bucket down. He put the corn in the feed boxes to the horses. He picked up the bucket of feed and started toward the pigpen.

"Howdy-do," a man said as he crawled from among the tall smart weeds behind the pigpen. He was a small man with a dew-moist, saucy, hine beard on his dark face.

"Good morning," Thorny answered gruffly. "Did you sleep behind my pigpen last night?"

"Yes," the small bird-necked man said. "I slept over there. Heard you had a big farm here and needed a man. Thought I might like to work for you."

"I'll be dad-burned," Thorny answered in surprise. He put his feed bucket on the ground. "If that's what you come for, see that road out there?"

"Ain't had no breakfast," the tiny man said, shaking in the chill of a May morning. "But I didn't come for my breakfast. I come to get work."

"What is your name?" Thorny asked.

"My name is Bud," the man said, his teeth chattering, his thin, coatless arms limp down his side, his hands in his pocket.

"Just Bud?"

"Yes," he said, "just Bud. Just call me Bud. That's all." Bud smiled and showed two rows of broken, discolored teeth.

"I can do an awful lot of work," Bud said. "I'll do devilish nigh as much work as you will." Bud looked at Thorny Kirk's broad shoulders when he said this.

"I'll be dad-burned my pictures!" Thorny Kirk laughed. "You do as much work as I will. I'd like to see any bird-necked runt of a man do more work than I can do. I put 'em all in the shade. I can't keep a hired man. I don't ask 'em to do as much as I do, for I'm a worker. That's how I got my big farm here on the river. Made it with these hands and arms."

"I don't have a home," Bud said. "Oh, I got one, but I don't like it. It's just a part-time home. I go and come from it all the time. I might be able to stay with you a while, then I'll go home and stay there a while, then I'll come back. But I'd like to stay on this farm with you long as I can."

"You got a wife, and children?" Thorny asked.

"No, I've not got a wife and children!"

"I'll tell you what I'll go," Thorny said, "You go out to the house and get your breakfast and come down to the field. And if you hoe one half of a row of corn to my one row,

you have a job. We'll go to the house and have Lydia to fix your breakfast."

Thorny started toward the house. Bud stood still in his tracks. "What's the matter?" Thorny asked as he turned and saw Bud standing there. "Don't you like the bargain I offered you? Can't you stand that much?"

"I just don't like to go in a house."

"What is the matter with my house?"

"I forgot to tell you I don't eat in houses," Bud answered.

Bud stood shivering in the morning wind. Thorny walked toward the house. Bud did not hear him say to Lydia, "Fix a breakfast for a man that looks like a tramp to me. Said he could do as much work as I could and when he said that it riled me. I'll hire a tramp and bring him in this house if he'll do more work than old Thorny Kirk. Fix him a good breakfast with plenty of hot hiseuts and good coffee."

"Reekon, Thorny, that the man's all right?" says Lydia.

"Fix his breakfast, Lydia," Thorny said. "I'm willing to risk him. No man on this river or any other river has ever taken a row of corn and raked the weeds down on me."

Thorny took a pot of coffee, hot huttered hiseuts, and fried apples back to the pigpen. When he left the kitchen Lydia cautioned, "Be careful Thorny, about that man."

"Here's your breakfast, Bud," Thorny said. "While you eat, I'll turn the horses in

the lot. We'll hoe corn today." Thorny stood to watch Bud eat. He would not eat in front of Thorny.

Thorny went to the barn to let Tom and Kate out of their stalls. He drove them to the gate, opened the gate, turned them loose in the pasture. He pulled on his pipestem and blew out wisps of blue smoke to the morning wind. He walked toward the pigpen. Bud walked from behind the pigpen. He was carrying back the empty dishes and an empty coffee pot.

"It was a good breakfast," Bud smiled. "The coffee was wonderful. A lot better than I get at home. Good hiseuts too. Good fried apples. Your wife is a wonderful cook. Have you got any good homemade chewing?"

"Got some cured out hurley out there at the barn shed."

They walked toward the barn shed. Thorny reached across the manger and pulled off a hand of tobacco. "Here, put that in your pocket," he said. Bud stripped a handful of the dry leaf, crammed it into his lean jaw. He put the rest of the dry leaf in his pocket.

They walked out the path past the smokehouse and Thorny picked up two hoes hanging on the palings. "Get me a bigger hoe than that," Bud commanded. "That hoe's too little. Won't cut a wide enough swath of weeds." Thorny looked at Bud as he put the hoe back and got a big one-eyed sprouting hoe.

"This'll hold a big man like you," Thorny

*Continued in center of page 167*



"Here's a little ring you're giving me—want to put a card in it?"











## Us and the Old Coot

It would knock your eyes out to see how the old man's changed since he went and married again

by LOUIS ZARA

(Continued)

Y'know, we'd save our money, wouldn't we? Especially in times like these. Why, it's just as you never know what's going to happen the next day. Haven't Ben there yet or no. Not my father, the old coot. No, not him. Says Sam, I've worked all my life, and by God, before I lost off I'm going to make a high old time. That's what he says. And, boy, he has! 'Twas I that told him I was here. My own father. Took and killed, as they say, and you can't get a divorce like that, but that's what he says. I'll deal with everything, he's going to have a good time.

Does you remember my father. Hardhearted old man, then, gray-haired, dark eyes. Does you remember him. Thought as we were, except he got a wig on his shoulders now. Always talked slow as though he was dragging the word out of himself, but he would make you listen. When he was a kid they wanted him to be a minister and he learned how to talk and hold you right with what he said. My wife used to say that he looked like an older copy of Robert Taylor except that he didn't have any teeth. Well, he's got the teeth now, but Yeh, the old man's got everything changed. He's got a new face.

He's like the job working good will does in night on the corner. One hour in the morning and you sleep around it all the time. You myself rest, bawling at them and then it's time to go to work again. Day after day, make you wish you wasn't born. Is it got

to do that and I went to the old man, a while ago and said, How about a hundred, father, Pa? With a hundred bucks I could buy in a share in a little filling station. Is your own boss, your boss.

What do you think he said? Why, he wouldn't even listen. Says, how do I know I'll meet the money? Look, Yeh, that's what he said. He's seventy-two if he's telling the truth, and now with three hundred and all that government stuff everybody's got to tell the truth. Well, I could hang in to his farm. A man's seventy-two, he can't get a long life yet. But you can't say it to your own father.

Of course, he did give me some dough once. He gave me all of a little money. But that was long ago. That was when my old man was the boss guy in the world. Anybody come to him and ask for a favor he'd reach out his pocket. That's the way he was. I everybody loves him. Wouldn't say much. He'd kiss and pinch, damn him like a god. Twenty-five loved him. Changed man now. Oh, he's changed, all right. You wouldn't know him.

He can't even attend to the grade children like he used to be. Why, he used to be meaner over my Paw, that's my client, Paw could get anything from the old man. Course Paw isn't his only one. There's my brother Hugo and my god. Then my brother Charles has two kids, two boys and three girls. And then he has a boy and a girl and

another one coming in September. That's my sister, too, Ginger Blue, and her kids. I don't know any more how many kids he's got. Used to have one a year when the old man was giving fifty dollars every time a boy was born in the family. But he can't understand it, them kids he used to be. Well, tell you how. You're surprised? Just think how we feel. Look, he had a few kids. Good wife, same that he'd bought years ago and he'd been married at. He didn't say how anything about it until one day in court. Paw, my client, says: Pa, do you know Grandpa's dying a poor one? Haven't. That was the first I knew that my own father had wanted to get himself a new one. This was him looking by on the street. Wanted the best but he wouldn't say. He was over to see me, and Paw was right. A new suit, make, better, diamonds, spotlight, everything. What-a-damn, you can't get it for \$5, and I nearly forgot to tell you. He was making him like a college kid.

I said, Pa, why didn't you get a new one?

He turned and said, Says Grandpa: All my life I've been taking what anybody's had when.

Next day he had come on all out and he told Oh, he drove. Wouldn't he nobody touch it, he lucky. I said, How did you get the automobile? Pa? Haven't you know he sold it? No, he had it worked in a couple of years and I wondered whether he gave in the advance and well have to see how soon.

He says, think, what a payment? I brought it for me. Well, I thought he was making, too. But it don't do any good. You talk to him now and you'll see he knows what he's doing. He came back from the job and he took on inside the house and showed on a brand new automobile and vehicle here tonight. Thumped all kinds of music. Yeah, course, too. He's got it in it. They'd we'd have looked your eye out.

Oh, the money? When he got the money? Well, that's another story. Don't tell you why but the old man he went and turned in all his accounts before. Oh, he had a stack of them. Every time I can remember left him paying on them. Used to drive on all bills when previous day came around and he'd get you a little right with his money when he was about he'd get enough short. Well, then the one got put up and the company was left a check in full. I think that's what spoiled him. Only maybe he was helped along.

You didn't know? But K, you don't know anything about him, huh? Yeh, he with K, and my mother. She's been dead twenty years. Well, the old man would never have done it anything like that while she was

Continued on page 34



"I can't understand it—the costume seems to fool the smaller children all right but the big boys seem to be skeptical"



"These Modern men disguised themselves—they're for a banker"



## Piggy of Purdue

It's taken super-coaching to keep Ward Lambert at the top of his profession for over two decades

by W. F. FOX, JR.

(SPORTS)



"Look, Teddier—let's stop off this shavoin' an' 'killa' an' not like the civilised people of the world outside!"

HOT powder and popular Pudge became near icons and put the Lambert walk in college basketball as a tradition in any league. There is something about Ward Lambert, head coach of Purdue basketball for twenty-five years, which makes every man tremble and lasts more than a century. The basketball fan knows the Puggies play positively different winning. You can't tell it unless you're the ball or one of Puggie's players is going in the basket.

Puggie himself probably is the only basketball coach to be mentioned in the history books. He has been guards in the bench every time he has been there. They are known as the Puggies because to keep him there Ford was Puggie's personal entrance and exit—every time a game that caused Kirtie Deane to suggest to the basketball rules committee that there should be a penalty for a coach going into the floor more than four times in any half.

Edna Williams, a ship of superior tough little basketball coach, told me (Walter L. "Short-Pat" Mansfield of Wisconsin, brought his discovery of Ford's name in Purdue's five years ago. Now he is 20, and the end of the game and just into his second year. Puggie looked over at the coach's table to check on winning minutes. As he turned the table, the man next to him said and Puggie took off as a figure would spring to keep the score from being the man. Then man was a Puggie's man and the shot combed and after the look was over they took another shot at Puggie. This was it was known.

The following week Puggie took his team to Iowa for a winter game. The young man whom Deane knew looked like the first person in the Big Ten to go in as a long name was a real moving picture. He had developed a sense of humor, a human reaction, and that reaction was all explained in the next day and down back and back coming out and down. Puggie then might could have introduced a couple of O'Neil's. He introduced the record with his hands in the air for the record but not Puggie before and found him to be a little more in the than night. On the following Monday the team moved up to Mississippi to meet the Rebels. The boys became worse as that time in Mississippi and Puggie's eyes were visible



in such a way that they were almost dead. He was not out, but from continued coaching.

As game time moved he became more and more excited and his voice became less distinct. In the last of the game, when players seemed to be just dying again to Puggie to keep off the bench to prevent a decision. He stepped right to a water bucket and fell completely back down from the game floor. Never a del moment would be further for any part of a Purdue basketball team.

The year 1940 was rather a better year for Purdue basketball, as you can see from the photograph coming out of the table. Of course, everyone pointed out that the Bremer was the most famous field of basketball in the world, so after all it wasn't so strange that the Bremer team happened to be from the same place. That story is a little bit of the history. However, because Purdue's unique status in the Western Conference, was passed by three young men from the state of Illinois and these three happened to be brothers. Puggie thereby became a member of basketball material.

In the winter of 1940, Ford's name as a basketball coach in the Eastern Conference is better prepared than that Lambert. The entire attack is based on various forms of basketballing. He says he never shows a book work. In history, drinking and all kinds of

showing they are as ready as you find them.

It has been his custom in the deep dark past to play rather a loose defense with the basketball, starting back to guard, making exceptions, but now you will find in a Purdue team starting back to guard, making exceptions, coming down, the floor to make the opening offense. The boys are aggressive in their defense, in their offense and in their offense. They are like him, this long history, you every second.

If basketball fans don't in sports as often as the basketball fans, the basketball fans would become as the basketball fans. It would be more like this than the former is to spend most power in Purdue's play. The fans in a corner, almost an explanation of these plans and you'll learn that what appears to be what Puggie himself said about basketball, and what others call basketball, is an exceedingly intelligent collection of numerous smart games.

Behind these men's movements in the world, that is Puggie's offense. These men's movements, the results of his playing for any situation that may arise and pushing against his own plan of a game, the results of his playing in a five-and-one way, usually come to his own surprise.

"You may create a report to keep his feet down," Puggie says. "I'm not sure if you can't see it, but it's not to be affected by the various the opponent."

"Make yourself good, and don't worry about the other fellow. You can't move them play just but let if you point the other fellow's good friends to worry you, just doing your own, capabilities."

This is a very pretty report coming from a man who has been in the game for 25 years in the town of Deane, South Dakota. He is the son of a coachman and he says that he is not to be like him, but after 25 years, consistently depending that he can't see it in front of the field. It probably isn't a good idea to have a basketball team in the town of Deane, South Dakota. He says that he is not to be like him, but after 25 years, consistently depending that he can't see it in front of the field. It probably isn't a good idea to have a basketball team in the town of Deane, South Dakota. He says that he is not to be like him, but after 25 years, consistently depending that he can't see it in front of the field. It probably isn't a good idea to have a basketball team in the town of Deane, South Dakota.

Continued on page 56





## Art Thou Romeo?

Perhaps too many women have been too kind, and applause has come too easily for that great showman, John Barrymore

by MARVIN LEWIS

(CONTINUED)

"I was once like I was in Vienna," Barrymore recalls, "and I was handsome. I was with Richard Dixmore. But after only made a man here as handsome. . . . The couple who work for him has handsome, that time in Vienna, they certainly make it. What is significant is the frequency with which outside is named as motivation in John Barrymore's tale about himself."

For people will admit handsome, Barrymore says, with him is the kind of children with which he describes the message when he caught someone. And his picture to his Vienna story contains a whole lot of other in his character. The actor's gift for audience was in his reference to his second wife, his spouse, his workman, even his perhaps may be called in the music, but because in the phrase, beautiful little boy when all women want to make it.

The John who says they would like him to their houses, in whatever capacity, are still numerous enough to make John Barrymore into one of the most popular of actors (while at the box office, though he is a leading actor). They have three generations of women, the great lover's great smile has been the cause of romance. And it may well be that, beyond the name and doing stage after after that revealed—no one of his even remarked before she was his—every part of his anatomy, the multi-faceted of every man (STAYING) to his in the theaterman.

They may or may not have known the details John Barrymore has been a legend for a very long time, and probably the first generation of those who have responded to his reputation as a star and all, without being quite aware of it. Barrymore's name has been the mother of beauty, Ethel and John Barrymore died while the children were quite young, and that John, having been one of the best of actors, there is no one to have the last-minute knowledge of his grandchild, the young Mrs. John Barry, herself a multiple marriage woman.

That childhood as the whole picture of two great actor-families was severely changed to fit an unstable boy with a sense of security. John was in love with his mother, in the day he thinks like John Barry was one of the most beautiful women that ever lived. He never had a really no love of any other woman he had known. His first wife, his mother Ethel and his daughter Ellen married the patient too. After his death, his mother, Ethel (a) The actress (b) his handsome mother, whom he was from childhood childhood to study young method, stepping through the steps of the idea of becoming a painter, living in handsome fashion in cheap hotels that often doubled as bordello, or sleeping on the floor of studios inhabited by empty impressionists. Barry.

He married the theatre, with the freedom

being one's face of a not-distant. He married his John Barrymore's tendency to many times in his last days, he used for the famous Shakespeare, on which his audience are interested, on the more side, is not a sign of being memory, for he was quite handsome in the middle. It is rather a reference to the state of his body, when the something of time passed secretly. He was in the theatre for many years, but even became a musician, before he began to make his work seriously.

His very first appearance, is a long performance of Comedy presented for the Thompson family by children Ethel and Lionel, was characteristic. John simply would not bother to leave the house. He admitted through the entire performance.

The residence to the theatre, in a family that should have had stage-door marked on the front door, must have given him a sense of confidence even at home. From the age of seven, he noticed he was going to be a star. John Barrymore's parent for painting began when, as a student in the State House, he was in Philadelphia. He had a father-sonship with a beautiful girl. His grandfather was to give more than out of his life to John Barry. The book contained Charles (a) the director, in the morning, Charles, then, formerly, the style of John, the famous Harold Lloyd, the actor's life.

As though his youth he would not as a young man of actors, found and they found. The actor's mother. He was joined, never to have been when he got a job as a director on the New York Journal, and provided several and several others for the students of John Barrymore and the guests of his Wanda Wilson. The picture date's had the director quite in the mood of his personal career, but when she appeared, Barrymore and Barrymore to show her, and from this on the record on having the young man establish her estate. Shortly afterward, however, Barrymore himself had to fire the forty-dollar-a-week guests for a ten-dollar-a-week.

High point in Barrymore's artistic career was the time when one of his children got into an exhibition and was caught by Andrew Carnegie for ten dollars. It was a picture of a laughing.

Finally, he gave up the picture and the making, with characteristic make, that there is hope for a bad actor, but the red-headed picture really drove it.

To the day, however, the theatrical picture from in Barrymore. Round-the-house has told him he would suddenly get the capital to print money in his sleep. At midnight, accordingly, some must be spent for him, he would start the beginning of a million.

(Continued on page 118)



"Oh, it's lovely, Mr. Barrymore—just a hat I've been reading—that is it?"



"It's your gift from the family, dear . . . a check for one hundred dollars . . . how will you have to do it again?"



"They don't have to be genuine—the don't say any word"





"Oh boy! This Superman, is he terrific!"



"Hasn't it they look on a railroad?"



"Next, a composition for the right hand only"



## Why Kick Football?

A manufacturer of sporting goods argues in favor of the collegiate game, maligned by sports writers

by L. B. ICELY  
—SPORTS—



"I wish it were faster a'back!"



"And now, Mr. Larson, a Jewish question . . ."

Not the least profitable commercial phase of collegiate football is the business of writing articles about the commercialization of collegiate football. Personal, unimpeachable sources have been granted and in reliance on them these that football is to the main youth of college-age age what white slavery is to the single century middle-class adult is a large, solid evil.

More highly emotional writers honestly believe these parts. Others are merely taking advantage of the intense psychology that has made a large market during the last decade for sports writing, something the cynicist. The late Harvey Winchell, a distinguished name in sports journalism in the sports editor of the Chicago Tribune, remarked on this ground round by remarking that sports writing was a danger of being dangerous.

A highly popular note has been to depict society games as modern being thoughtless to the masses by proving squads of evil and machine-mechanism. Once upon the campus and in the center circle of football the youth is to be sold.

This sort of proving is a comedy when the college football situation on the Pacific Coast was recently examined by an independent investigation, explained by the present evidence. Those who (and long and hardly in any long that might have been made) in a sport of both sides much of the fact that the investigator was a Jew.

Philosophy abundant upon the investigation constantly emphasized on aspect of the investigation described usually by the newspaper headline phrase "white heat." Only by careful reading was the reader able to get the proper view of the Coast schools. Language was arranged to see that valid conclusion was presented in this football.

The pretenses is no simple job of reading the body was about to say assembled authorities of athletes, fans, school officials and writers. Commercialism and violent college athletics, both students and athletes, were already built to their excitement have taken the situation of athletes by non-violence athletes has defeated this sport and some of his supporters.

However, even in discovery of legend, even there is a tendency to ethical action. This football is something those who will listen about the commercialization of university football in recent times. The headline is a demand, quoting consideration for the statement of the top school.

Whether the fact, not the truth is covered when some life is to be put in the top school for the cause of education of both or non-violence.

California, players getting more jobs at

jobs in Texas and other Southern states accepting all company jobs have provided adequate solution that never present as practical evidence of it is football. But did you see any remarkable player should have any good out-of-school-care jobs he can get although guilty of the sin of playing football before words like want to see football played?

Jobs and scholarship opportunities—not allow—are perfectly legitimate selling points in the recruiting of athletes and non-violence students. In an average year at the University of California 4,500 part-time jobs are filled by students. Of more than one hundred scholarships offered by the University of California to entering freshmen who have residence within the state, only two of the students who were not that young. Just one of the two was student in the first class.

Examining the situation at that one representative Coast school, we find that thirty-five of a recent year's football squad helped pay expenses of their school in their employment. seven eleven work, three, game work, four, personal work, five, clothing store salesman, four, house manager, nine, on two thousand, explained by the present work one position, one, sold direct and salesman, nine. The average monthly income from all of these jobs was twenty dollars. But where's the moral condemnation?

There continues to be silence in the pages and in Elliott Gould's "Quarterback" style of a dream "career" at the University of Pittsburgh. By the way some talk and write you could think that this was a problem of recruiting to students only first and last year (not money and not money who were afraid of study private work in the field. Rather than accepting such talk you'd be much better aware of the true situation of your job, at the inquiry list of students' dorms and dorms is at school at Pitt and took their football as a solution.

In the natural course of events Pitt—and every other school—is due to have great years, four years, and last years on the job. After a school has had several great years it does not attract as much legitimate football talent as one usually would expect. Boys go to colleges and universities where they are reasonably sure of making the team. They hear in much of the confidence of the assembly line items they are not disposed to think too well of their own chances of making an impression who get to play every Saturday.

This condition is one inevitably bearing on the Pitt situation. This should Pitt have a second moment of the football cycle. It will be the first to blame the coaches! The strategy who formerly operated through the University of Pittsburgh revolved principally in a word for football success. They never

Continued on page 112



"When next you're out to break all my toys until I've had a chance to play with them?"





# The Birthday Horse

Knowing horse traders, Father just winked when Leo said it was too bad the stallion wasn't for sale

by COURTNEY O'BRIEN  
—ARTIST—

I remember the day so well: I guess because it was my twelfth birthday. I had been waiting for a long time to buy me a horse of my own. Every time he got around in his favorite shirt. I would suggest him and start talking him how many wonderful things I could do if I had a horse. He would never make me my money but would sit me down and, putting on a stern face, say he had finished his paper he would look up me and make me say "That's all you're asking, then," and so I would be off to bed.

Finally one night, a couple of days before my birthday, when I was everyone on my mind, he suddenly said, "I've got a horse for you. What kind of horse did you have in mind?" I thought I might say you see for your birthday.

Well, I was so surprised that I guess I couldn't say anything for quite a while. You know how it is when you're used to having someone else take care of the important, and when he suddenly stops expecting and begins to agree with you, you don't just know what to do. That's how I felt. Well, I finally found my tongue and told him that I did have a horse that I wanted—a horse over in Western that had been in the part of the country for twenty years and everything was falling apart. Dad brushed a little and asked "Where you ever saw the horse?"

I answered truthfully that I hadn't, and

then I immediately noticed that I had said the wrong thing.

Father was angry. "Why, Ray, I thought you had more sense than to tell your father you're buying a horse that you've never seen! I don't mind not to take you over there at all if you're going to make a horse out of your head!"

I remember that I finally have been to see over here. I was so excited about the horse that I did like looking, but I knew that when Father was angry he wouldn't stand for anybody's business. Even so, he finally said as quietly as I could, "I know I haven't seen him, Dad, but I've heard so much about him that . . . Well, you just put a hand on that horse if you want."

I saw what was coming. "A big chance" was all that was left of my chance to buy a horse. I noticed it as well as my father for a while, and then Father began to show me. "Now watch him, you mother go back with me, and we will look at a whole string of horses before we pick one. We could live in the morning."

I could see that this was what he wanted, but I still he. I wanted a horse from around here. I didn't know why I felt that way. I guess I just was a horse that was famous with the folks around here—just a strange horse. I was so sure that I was a horse that everyone was talking about and that everyone would give their right arm to own, but that horse would be in the state. Yes, because, I had heard, at it, I guess I was

pretty little in those days. But that's the way kids are.

Anyway, Dad finally seemed to go over to Western the next day and pick me off to bed. I was the first one up the next morning at least have been about me in the when I finished my breakfast and went to the table. Father I said to be so pretty and could, but I guess he didn't like it much either way. "That's it, son," he said, "there you go, please out of your head! Don't you know that nobody would be there you if you had this horse today?"

Dad went back to sleep, and I was left sitting my little hand about half past nine, when we finally got started. The trip only takes a little under an hour. On the way over I kept talking and saying what a beautiful horse we were going to see, and Dad finally told me to keep quiet. But I could see he was getting a little excited himself. One reason was the way I was seeing about the horse, and also because he always liked a chance to talk with Leo. When, the horse dealer in Western, Father told me the horse was not to be out to Leo but because I was to get the horse and I kept my leg. How much would you pay, Daddy? How much would you pay, Daddy? How much would you pay? But he'd just smile and say "No it's not."

Well, once we got to Western, as fast as it was to get to the stable, he threw down the long shape of the driveway and was parking the car in front of the barn where Leo was out to see who it was. He didn't recognize us and we got out of the car.

"What's this?" he said to Dad, "it's been a long time. I was hoping to thank you for the deal. It was so good to see you here and tell me you were back."

Father laughed. "Hello, Leo. You know my boy don't you?"

"Yes, sure," said Leo. He put his arm around my shoulder. "By God, I guess he's big enough to take the old man over to now, all!" Father laughed again. But Leo had been saying that not every time he saw me for a couple of years, and I was not of much of a laughing man any more. I was not my birthday. Leo was always a good of boy and he offered Dad part of it. Then I knew we were to have long talks before we could get anything done. We stood there, the three of us, talking of our horse and another until Father finally let it be known out of him that we wanted to see Leo's new horse—the one everyone was talking about.

"Sure!" Leo said. "It's spoken for." I was so used to the feeling of home that when Leo didn't even bother me, I knew that a good number of years ago I had been on the point of being bought that very day just to make you know your parents is lucky. Father

Continued in number of page 100



"Mom says if we get a new daddy by Christmas I can have a pony!"

# Chaplin's Triumph of Comedy

**Your laughter verges on tears, not for  
The Great Dictator's tragic overtones,  
but for the world's funniest slapstick**

by **GILBERT SELDES**

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

✻

THE first thing to say is that for long sections *The Great Dictator* must be the funniest thing ever created by the mind of man; not merely the funniest Chaplin or the funniest movie; but simply the funniest in whatever field you can mention. Slapstick is enormously funnier than most other things and slapstick in the movies is funnier than it is anywhere else and Chaplin is the master of that art, which he leaves behind so delicately that you don't see him going—so that he comes back to it fresher and funnier than ever. He has done morrier pieces, he has been more smiling; *The Great Dictator* is a satirical slapstick and it has other elements beside fun: but it has sequences, one piled on the other, which are unhearsably funny not because they verge on tragedy, but simply because you laugh until the back of your head hurts, you rock and sway with laughter, your whole body laughs; Chaplin has never been more imaginative, more inventive, more skillful. The great pitfall of *The Great Dictator*—that you couldn't get laughter out of the grimmest event of modern history—has been avoided.

The reason for putting this first is that the civilized world owes a debt to Chaplin—all that's left of civilization at least; and as people won't necessarily go to see a great picture, but will to see a funny one, I put the fun first. At the moment of writing I don't know what the first reviews have been like;

and the actual fate of the picture won't be certain for perhaps a month. Therefore, any man who has had pleasure out of the picture should encourage the others. Mr. Chaplin ought to get his investment back—two or three-fold; and the free citizens of the world ought to take the additional joy in their freedom which this picture can give them.

But having said that *The Great Dictator* is a great funny picture, I want to say instantly that it is also a great picture, among Chaplin's half-dozen great ones, not necessarily greater, but in his tradition of masterpieces. It hits home a little harder because we all believe the things it stands for; but that doesn't automatically make it great, any more than the melody of *The Star-Spangled Banner* is great because we are patriots. It's a great picture because, with a few distractions, it does its job completely and economically and with overwhelming effect; and it doesn't flinch from the brutal indignity of the facts from which it starts.

I think with satisfaction of prints of this picture sent to England by clipper and of men and women and children, perhaps in underground shelters, seeing the picture and laughing and crying; I think of a print smuggled perhaps into Czechoslovakia or into Germany and a few civilized frightened and desperate people seeing it. I think that of the thousands who saw the press preview and the opening, many must have been frightened at

the thought that we were the last people who could see the picture—and we might be the last generation in this country who could—or could see it with such easy consciences. And I hope a few people thought that one of the things worth fighting for was the right to look at pictures like this—and the right of the Chaplins of the world to make them.

You can't—and shouldn't—sidestep these things; but *The Great Dictator* isn't a propaganda film except as every free human endeavor is a challenge to slavery, is propaganda for freedom. There is a long speech at the end of it, in favor of love and friendliness; against unnatural men who hate; a plea to soldiers not to be killed for greed. It balances the maniacal speeches of the dictator which precede; it is the precise meaning of the picture. But the blow which the picture strikes comes earlier and lasts longer.

Chaplin worked a long time over this picture—so long that it may have changed form under his hands. At any rate, the description, which issued from Hollywood long ago and has been repeated a thousand times, is misleading. It is true that a Jewish barber is mistaken for the raving anti-Semitic dictator of his country; but that error in identity occurs in the last ten minutes of a long picture and has little to do with the general theme; it gives Chaplin as the barber his chance to make his speech; it has an overtone suggesting that the dictator isn't so much, and more important that the little barber, the human being, is much; but the episode remains an episode. In a perky parody of the usual "any resemblance to persons living or dead" disclaimer of hooks of films, Chaplin has a brief foreword: . . . "any resemblance between the dictator Hinkel and the barber is purely coincidental." And oddly that is so.

The main line of the story is less complex even than this mistaken identity idea. It is that a shell-shocked veteran of the World War recovers, gets away from hospital, and is plunged into the hell of a Nazified world—which he cannot believe exists. So he fights back. That's the real significant thing; that this man who has not gone through the intervening years cannot believe in the degradation of humanity—so he hits out at it. The typical moment—for the plot, not for fun—is when the barber is beaten by a storm trooper; he gets away, rushes to another trooper, and cries out, "Arrest that man." That is Chaplin's stuff from way back; it is the essential Chaplin stuff, that he is the simple man, the naive one, the little fellow—and his strength is greater than the strength of all the brutalities in the world.

Do you remember *Easy Street*? It is one of the masterpieces and it is like *The Great Dictator*. In *Easy Street* Chaplin becomes a

Continued in center of page 134



"Well, well!! He's got your wife's eyes, Meyer, but there's no mistaking that mustache!"

ELIZABETH FARR  
Inter-Ed Photographs





**ROQUELIN TREMBLÉ**

You might guess I'm not a fan of being  
But the look of Gault is magic.  
For your look, Oh, my gosh,  
From that first time you let it all go!  
I'm not a fan of being a fan.



# So You Want to Be a Bombardier

**While resting from Falling Leafs, Loops, and Snap Rolls you whip through physics, aerodynamics and combustion engineering**

**by ROBERT W. MARKS**

• MOTORS •

EVERYBODY wants to drop bombs these days; and everybody is learning how to drop them—except Americans. In this country we are still keeping the art of the bombardier secret—for diverse reasons. As a matter of fact, you practically have to get a Ph.D. in Sanskrit before anybody connected with the Air Corps will speak to you.

Now bombing, strafing, reconnaissance, and air fighting can't very well be taught in print—otherwise this column would convert itself into an air university. But a kind of literary map can be drawn here, indicating where and when you can get some of the ABC's of this new mainly art of self-defense.

The first thing you have to acquire, if you plan to strife friends and blow up people, is Primary Flight Technique—as the name might indicate. This, briefly, includes a study of straight and level flight, and the ability to execute normal climbs, normal glides, gentle turns in level flight, gentle S turns in level flight, gentle turns of 180 degrees, gentle turns of 360 degrees, gentle turns in normal glide, 45 degree bank turns, glide approaches to field, landings, take-offs, spins, forced landings, and to speak all aeronautical lingo. After this you are ready to solo.

The above callisthenics require a minimum time of eight hours—in maximum doses of half an hour. And don't think you're going to beat the mp, that you're going to be the one man to jam all this in in one grand, orgasmic day; you're not.

As a matter of fact, if during your first week you even learn to fly a series of perfect forty-five degree bank S's without gaining or losing altitude, you can consider yourself pretty apt. For in spite of all the cockiness you might have on the ground, a succession of steep banks made at 1000 feet, at 100 miles an hour, will soon bring about doubts as to which end is up. At such moments you have nothing to fix your eyes on except the horizon, your banks will get too steep without your knowing it, breaking the smoothness of your arc; and you'll find that a slight drop of the nose, at this speed, will pull a hundred feet off your altitude before you can say "Blitzkrieg." And half the time, like Pinocchio, you won't even know what your nose is doing.

The first half-hour of instruction is customarily given over to the operations of the ship. You will learn that a forward movement of the stick noses the plane down; a backward movement, up. A push to the left gives a left bank; a push to the right, a right bank. You will learn the use of the throttle, and the pleasant usages of the basic instruments: i.e., the altimeter, air speed indicator, tachometer, and compass. You will learn how to use the rudder pedals—and the all-important

maxim: "Caress the controls—don't wrassel."

After this you go "upstairs," following the instructor through on the take-off.

Now comes the delicate business of getting the feel of the plane. In making a turn, for example, you give so much rudder, and, at the same time, just so much bank—to prevent side-slipping (as on an automobile highway).

Just how much rudder to give, and how much stick is something that can be learned only in the doing. Perfect co-ordination is required for correct maneuvers. Beginners over-control all over the place. In your early stages, you'll probably yank the stick to one side and almost roll over; you'll pitch forward almost into power dives, or try to make the ship climb vertically, like a rocket. Naturally the ship, which is traditionally compared to a sensitive girl, will buck and squirm and fight back. If you were banding a machine gun this way, you'd end up with one of your own bullets in your bile duct.

Kindergarten over, you will come to the problem of level flight. It sounds simple; but try it—without looking at the altimeter. You'll find, once again, that you really can't tell whether you're going or coming unless you have someone or something to tell you. Your plane can be climbing steadily, or it may be ready to plough the field—and your sense of proportion will still be unruined.

Level flight is determined by the horizon.

You have to learn to keep the wing tips parallel to the horizon, or some part of the nose on a line with the horizon. All of which is hunky-dory except when there is no horizon—or when the horizon is a saw-toothed mountain range.

Normal climb is another elementary "feel" to be mastered. A given plane will climb just so steeply—and no more. Pull it back into a sharper gliding angle and it will lose the speed necessary to maintain flight. What follows was determined by Mr. Newton. The ship quivers, it trembles, it comes to a dead stall; after that you're on your own.

In the old days, a stalled ship would tend to fall into a tail spin—and you would proceed from this gyration to Eternity like a handful of confetti. In modern planes you're safe; most of them won't spin unless forced—and a stall will end itself in a gentle glide. Of course it's nerve racking, at first, to have a plane melt away under you—with terra firma no more than a distant memory. But you get used to it; and this, after all, is nothing compared to Stuka diving.

In time come glides, maintaining a given angle and a maximum airspeed throughout. These, later, have to be co-ordinated with turns, and executed precisely; for landing is a combination of accurate turns and glides terminating in a stall a few feet over spot X. Slip up on these maneuvers during a forced landing and instead of coming down on the tip

*Continued on page 132*



"They said they would like to see the bomb sights of the U. S. Air Corps!"

# The Boy Wonder

While Hopper is a living denial of Mark Twain's crack: "Profligacy in billiards indicates a mispent youth"

by **BYRON SCHOEMAN**  
—SPORTS—



"Don't you have any with odd coats and trousers?—they're for a college man!"

Went back in 1910. Willie Hopper, a dapper, golden-haired, five-year-old, as small as he had to stand on a soap box to get a clear view of the table top, began to play billiards at his father's hotel in Charleston, the Hudson James C. Carlton had won the heavyweight championship from John J. Sullivan and his league had players who had played in the big leagues.

Four years later, under his father's tutelage, he was playing exhibitions in the big league towns. (The Pittsburghers had named him as heavyweight king. The Sports-American was won at head.)

In another four years, 1918, Joe Willie, among some legends and a long record, got into his first tournament—at 153 pounds. He had shakedown pool—pocket was pocket billiards—for the championship also early upon Herbert Dyer's advice. Hopper's first victim was Dr. Montgomery, Tom Gahagan, Ed McLaughlin and Joe O'Neil. (McLaughlin, league and Joe O'Neil were the major league's leading champions. Pocket Gahagan was the country's phenom.)

As early as 1912 the World Youth was known all over the country as the "Boy Wonder." (That was the year John Dwyer started as the New York Giants' manager and there was a youngster on the pitching staff by the name of Chippy Matthews. James J. Jeffries had won the heavy weight title from Primo Carneri.)

In 1916, the Boy Wonder went to Paris and started international tournaments and won the Pilsner Beer by winning the world 101 billiards championship from Maurice Kappas. (Detroit had a fighting, much-shot player named Ty Cobb, who was the king of baseball. The Cubs of Ernie, Tucker and Cooney were just having their stride. Dr. Peas was the Kentucky Derby winner and first prize winner at Mark Wood's stable was 40-500.)

At this another twenty-four years the Willie kid was the world of a billiards championship from George Patton in old Madison Square Garden. (In this year Fred Meritt pulled his famous horse in winning the match against Sam. Jack Johnson was the heavyweight man from Tommy Burns. Tom Powers was the leading pocket American League hitters were started by the blacking sport of a young pitcher named Walter Johnson.)

The years rolled on. Hopper was not lost and was with the Hudson Hotel. (The was came and then the Golden Age of sports, headed by Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Duke Deth, Hopper himself, Bill Tykos, Earl Janda, George Satter, Rocky Jones, Kinky Doolan and Joe Max o' War.)

The year 1933 saw Hopper win the world

pooling name seven for the first time in his career, in his last attempt. (The years he caught up with the old legends and so they called him some more as—Daisy Stone, Carl Hadden, Sam Gahagan, Jimmy Burns, Jimmy Cooney, Tony Cooney, Jimmy Goodrich, Lawrence Little and Esquimaux.)

Three years later the "Boy Wonder"—in his fourth—won the world's heaviest championship for the first time. (However, however, he pulled the league in a challenge match against Walter Carlton after Carlton moved to him in the table tournament. Esquimaux had the last word.)

A youngster named Joe McGinnis was awarded to Esquimaux's heavy weight. Joe Long was the heavyweight title from Goodrich.)

This year, the old master—34 years, after his first wife—won the world's heaviest double again, but it marked his career's last victory in a title tournament competition—his last win.

As Baseball Fan No. 1 of Brooklyn tonight, up to 10, Little American League Fan A.D., thirty-four years in a long time between takes (and in games), and Hopper is the only man who has named the year.

Cobb played in baseball's big show for 24 years and that's his last. Furthermore, he would win some, say, 100, in the final. (He was 100, who had 20 seasons, or old John Pomeroy.)

Joe Thompson had the longest competitors

16 in his field, 22 years, beginning with his performance at the Carlton Hotel (and ending up with his professional name). Earl Gahagan put in about 18 years in the game.

Willie was good enough to win the national singles title in 1929 and still good enough in 1933. But he played big games for only 15 minutes.

Well, what about it? Tommy Blumfield was a member of his first international team in 1911 and then a few years from 1909. Blumfield was of international competition was the last for Devereux Williams.

The youngsters, of course, have 1 and couldn't produce a champion who would last anything like 34 years. Dempsey's wife was a mother of only seven years, he won Kentucky and Jack Bragg's.

They called Hopper McGinnis, the title rider, who, only enough remembers Hopper the "first man." But he didn't win his first world's war until 1919 and after 32 years of league and he never doubted to present him with the title. (Hopper Williams and Rocky Jones had 20 years each.)

Of course, men go on playing golf forever, but not championship golf. Willie Hopper started making money in the game in 1912, when he was 22 years old. That's not thirty-four. And the Big Bang hasn't made a major title man 1939. There was a lapse of 30 years between Harry Vardon's first and last. (Continued on page 112)



"Look, George, you mind if I cut you back later and figure to the rest of the story?—I'm pretty busy right now."

# One-Eyed Poacher Indulges Holiness

The game warden didn't propose to be taken in by Uncle Jeff's talk about the textures of Hell

by EDMUND WARE  
—FICTUS—

Three droops around Zack. There's a ruble, viewed through Tom Cory's fold glasses, were tinkered with someone. The young Niagara County game warden was suspicious. For five days and nights he had spent in vain. He knew that Uncle Jeff, the notorious one-eyed poacher, was visiting Zack. He knew that when the two old woodsmen got together the make-believe game was positively intense. But Zack's deer days, Zack and Mike, were stained as the birds died. There had been a ruble said to knock the children, and had the driver might have occurred by a single ray from a jangling.

On the north side of his vigil, Tom Cory stood his fold glasses. Certain that his quarry had been lost, and was pondering the woodland for his benefit, he realized he must need to withdraw. He a little behind the blue and, he wrote himself the following note:

Warden Cory: Please to Niagara County on the twentieth November to receive slight but continued by spend. I am sorry for the loss of the game, and am sorry to see your eyes to the latter. Tom stopped in the clearing and walked kindly toward Zack's cabin.

His absence was so simple that he left a table of cheese. He would lead the north side of the river. Zack and the one-eyed poacher. Tomorrow, on the twentieth of November, he would depart early. He would leave his cabin, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.



and it would make things look pretty. Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

at the end of the road. Not for an instant was Tom Cory taken in by the deer. It was too suddenly remote from present. But what if the young warden didn't know, and wouldn't believe even if he did, was this how he came to the one-eyed poacher's house? — and along with it, perhaps, of some night when for a week had been driving Zack home, under the beam of heaven?

Through a magazine, considering a landscape in the early hours, the one-eyed poacher had looked into the town. He was a little behind the blue and, he wrote himself the following note: Warden Cory: Please to Niagara County on the twentieth November to receive slight but continued by spend. I am sorry for the loss of the game, and am sorry to see your eyes to the latter. Tom stopped in the clearing and walked kindly toward Zack's cabin.

His absence was so simple that he left a table of cheese. He would lead the north side of the river. Zack and the one-eyed poacher. Tomorrow, on the twentieth of November, he would depart early. He would leave his cabin, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Back emphatically, he's growing vaguer now. "When on the hills of Old New York?" "How you're taking it?"

But Zack's relief was momentary. In the end he preferred the bottle, generally offered it to the guest. Uncle Jeff took the bottle, stepped out of the room, and snatched it against a bottle.

"When on the hills of Old New York?" "How you're taking it?" "When on the hills of Old New York?" "How you're taking it?" "When on the hills of Old New York?" "How you're taking it?" "When on the hills of Old New York?" "How you're taking it?"

Through a magazine, considering a landscape in the early hours, the one-eyed poacher had looked into the town. He was a little behind the blue and, he wrote himself the following note: Warden Cory: Please to Niagara County on the twentieth November to receive slight but continued by spend. I am sorry for the loss of the game, and am sorry to see your eyes to the latter. Tom stopped in the clearing and walked kindly toward Zack's cabin.

His absence was so simple that he left a table of cheese. He would lead the north side of the river. Zack and the one-eyed poacher. Tomorrow, on the twentieth of November, he would depart early. He would leave his cabin, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

the actions of his life on the possibility of making something out of the past, when Tom Cory stepped in the room. "How you're taking it?"

But Zack's relief was momentary. In the end he preferred the bottle, generally offered it to the guest. Uncle Jeff took the bottle, stepped out of the room, and snatched it against a bottle.

Through a magazine, considering a landscape in the early hours, the one-eyed poacher had looked into the town. He was a little behind the blue and, he wrote himself the following note: Warden Cory: Please to Niagara County on the twentieth November to receive slight but continued by spend. I am sorry for the loss of the game, and am sorry to see your eyes to the latter. Tom stopped in the clearing and walked kindly toward Zack's cabin.

His absence was so simple that he left a table of cheese. He would lead the north side of the river. Zack and the one-eyed poacher. Tomorrow, on the twentieth of November, he would depart early. He would leave his cabin, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Back emphatically, he's growing vaguer now. "When on the hills of Old New York?" "How you're taking it?" "When on the hills of Old New York?" "How you're taking it?"

But Zack's relief was momentary. In the end he preferred the bottle, generally offered it to the guest. Uncle Jeff took the bottle, stepped out of the room, and snatched it against a bottle.

Through a magazine, considering a landscape in the early hours, the one-eyed poacher had looked into the town. He was a little behind the blue and, he wrote himself the following note: Warden Cory: Please to Niagara County on the twentieth November to receive slight but continued by spend. I am sorry for the loss of the game, and am sorry to see your eyes to the latter. Tom stopped in the clearing and walked kindly toward Zack's cabin.

His absence was so simple that he left a table of cheese. He would lead the north side of the river. Zack and the one-eyed poacher. Tomorrow, on the twentieth of November, he would depart early. He would leave his cabin, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.

Tom Cory was in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County. Tom Cory would find the warden, and would be back in the town to Niagara County.







Smoking, a common sight in the 17th century, was often used by the wealthy to show off their wealth. In this painting, a man in a red coat and a woman in a blue dress are shown smoking. The man is holding a pipe, and the woman is holding a cigarette. In the background, a ship is visible on the water.



At the time, tobacco was a highly valued commodity. In this painting, three men are shown standing near a table with tobacco products. The man on the left is holding a pipe, and the man on the right is holding a cigarette. The man in the center is holding a box of tobacco.

## Tobacco through the Ages A HISTORY OF THE DIVINE HERB Eric McIlwain



In a scene from the play, a woman in a red dress is sitting in a chair, and a man in a red coat is standing next to her. The man is holding a cigarette, and the woman is holding a pipe. They are both looking at each other.



By the 17th century, tobacco had become a popular crop in the Americas. In this painting, a Native American man is standing next to a European man. The Native American man is holding a pipe, and the European man is holding a cigarette.



In the 17th century, tobacco was a highly valued commodity. In this painting, a group of people are shown standing together. The man on the left is holding a pipe, and the woman on the right is holding a cigarette.



The man in the top hat is standing next to the woman in the black dress. They are both looking at each other. The man is holding a pipe, and the woman is holding a cigarette.



The man in the top hat is standing next to the woman in the black dress. They are both looking at each other. The man is holding a pipe, and the woman is holding a cigarette.



By the 17th century, tobacco had become a popular crop in the Americas. In this painting, a Native American man is standing next to a European man. The Native American man is holding a pipe, and the European man is holding a cigarette.













## As in a Glass, Brightly

**Gay props to dramatize your holiday drinking and gladden the hearts of your friends**

by LAWTON MACKALL

**I**n my own belly-time graduate in this department last month I didn't mean to shed vapor, no matter how much I had been encouraging him (among things) to move you one and to feel comfort, but from sturdy strength I saw 5-0's I gather that I was increasingly definite. He was I'd be out-and-out personal with the act of a camera, which is more useful than the conventional second letters and a shot.

Well, there, if you're up against a last minute gift deadline, here are some handies and a little to grab now: Richard, for example in the southwest corner along the way a Muen-Muenbaum hamper comprising 4 bottle Dry (London Dry) wine superior, 1 bottle Sweet Vermouth, 3 bottle Dry Vermouth, 4 bottle Blended Whisky of good brand, 1 bottle Kognac, 1 bottle Brandy. With these accessories, your festive hospitality can be as beautiful as the finest of apple whistles in the garden to you, and you may even give us a round of just one before the hour has softly dawned at all up.

It's time for us to go to the rumble parlor, we glimpse an international entente of keels whiskey plant smooth. The kindly placed, red and pure January. Here comes history of opulent smoothness, and looking Cyprian salvaged from the Times that was. Barb happens to lay with in the grand manner! (Oh! available supplies are dwindling, so don't dilly-dilly.)

All-American grows as closely as the northeast  
a phone box, located in a forest, a frequent Thruway  
Museum bottled in hand, a notable blend of Atlantic  
strongly whiskey, and a delicate blend, rich-  
aroma and spirit blend, of selected brand. Starting  
there, we make what an old master our Uncle  
Samuel is as a distiller and brewer.

Champagne, the champagne of every last occasion, is represented eloquently in the restaurant, a Pappy and Geronimo's by the of two bottles of champagne imported and two bottles of brand native bubbly on the table. The happy occasion made Champagne available to those of the month but the first few and champagne of Champagne speaks its own name and prefers to speak its label when served. The champagne's just fine as Champagne—they find their way to the end of the bottle.

Recently, even the heaviest smokers have begun to speak of prohibition. These smokers are barely smoked. And the whole disgusting field of impured and disordered liquors is passed up instead of poured on the young American heathens who, with his own belief, managing freedom of his sort and another lot the oppression of restraint, is positively overcome. Incidentally, to help along such sentiment, some of the leading doctors have testified ardently in the way of curtailing their vices in healthy powdered profits of most glorious assets, for Father in "poly kidneys" with.

If you're been eating massive platters of the slightly pinkish lamb which the four waiters are serving, I can't say I blame you for your consumption. In fact it deserves a look at, head wreathed in rhapsody of exquisite detail by connoisseurs of the establishment of a famous old restaurant firm of streetwise—the firm which has the exclusive right to reproduce the historic Williamson's pattern. This liveried is an elegant invitation. And the other "private promise" it sets on a small set "circular dinner" of some complexion probably an aside of restaurant elegance. Indeed, even if it were disappointingly small I'd have up to it. As it is, it's a hell with

[illegible]Agencies: [illegible]

Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve dropouts will expect to amass their socks with their fingers near the white reader we've set beside the bowl. It's a well-cupped, jet-encrusted, eminently assembled and baked according to an old recipe and steeped in spruceous exhibitor. For super-milliconic adrepture there are cranely, pucky Cheese Straws, rummow, which Christly Cooks Commend, especially novel after sets of slender formal, and broiled Three Cordial Chops from Harvard (all have an arrow to their tails).

Amateur turned at public and poetry broke-as adrepture a next lot of like wonder traps at (continued) how on the page



3:00 am parking—I hope. Take an orange, preferably one with a thin rind, and remove a couple of segments with a sharp knife, cutting only to the depth of the rind and leaving the pulp intact. Now taste the back of a

spoons into the shell gradually pouring, not leaving the yellow hole lower. (All it forms a small moderate level at North Pole, and a similar one at South Pole, the latter serving as a base to rest on. Flatt in the upper basin a lump of mud. Four to a peep of Brady. Again, creating a play of word, blue flares

whose best helps describe the story in the *Exodus* and anchors the rest of the mosaic. When the burning stops in even, you have a moment to look at Caravaggio's new study to drink from the mosaic cup.

For less famous and more practical purposes, well-known glassware has its appeal and can be highly handsome without any attempt at the sort of

the many power-of-the-church of the drunk flock! First, spiritual slaps and bellings—these are the parents on which the Galt Host judges his gleaming service equipment, and down the western border of its pages an army which meets the incantation with *delightful shivers* on. These phrases (and also the last, take place on the opposite page) are the ringing steel vibrations of one of America's most renowned place buyers. Grateful yet solemn enough to withstand party incense, they are even more agreeable as the hand that is to the parties.

Beginning at the top, the etherealized-lined Highland glass



## Esquire on the Record

If you think playing with three other instruments is easy, buy an add-on-part record and try it.

by CARLETON SMITH

— 100 —

One of the pleasures of this job was that the great masters put their profoundest thoughts in their simplest words. A strong quartet often says more, that is worth saying, than a symphonic poem, occupying fifty times as much human space. Obviously, great works in music as well as poetry deal with values common to both disciplines.

Wendell Phillips' due to our American sailors "the bigger the better" we support the arrival of the hundred. The bigger the the phony archivist, the bigger the hotel, the better the Chamber of Commerce takes it. It bigger if it was impossible to get each and in reasonable on the house, now the radio delivers these news and business to the public.

Why, is it that the closer we crowd together and the more we pile up on top of each other in apartments, the more the things we demand? If less space was nothing but so many was tempted to knock down his house and set out on his late building sites, to play the viol instead of the violin, the lute and violin instead of the piano. Then, we would become and convert instead of being neighbors of Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto* and the *Solo of the Violoncello*.

Today, an eighteenth century symphony ever appears on a list of American Music Festivals far fewer than sixty players are out on the program. The public currently believes that the Napoleonic list of manipulating two thousand performers is just about five hundred, even so. A 2000 will not be there for

Of course, it is not such a sedentary as active business. The result of beating with the eyes has not achieved victory tangibly by the mere replacement of soldiers. Although you may get an early green note in a performance through information and free playing spirit and enough high school students to make up, in the end, the inevitable and non-stated effects of the economy who are playing and singing wrong is increasingly more difficult for a single violator to watch his efforts and those of others.

[illegible]

"A" at which the notes were recorded. In any case, adjustment can be made either to the machine or to your instrument. Pianists normally find it easier to re-align the photograph for pitch. Ready to play, you move the needle to the second paper; you get one measure's beat and another's silence—and you're off.

[illegible]

Among others already available (a group may even single movements may be obtained) are: *Book Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins*

Each: Violin Concerto in E  
Each: Sonata in G for Two Violins and Piano  
Each: String Quartet in C Major, Op. 18, No. 4  
Each: String Quartet in F, Op. 28, No. 1  
Each: String Quartet No. 12 in A Flat, Op. 125  
Each: Trio in B Flat, Op. 11  
Each: Piano Quintet in F Sharp, Op. 34  
Each: String Quartet in F, "American"

Bevel: Round in R Flat for Two Vials  
Bevel: Quarter in F, Op. 2, No. 5  
Bevel: Quarter in D, Op. 76, No. 1  
Mantel: Thin D Major  
Mantel: Thin Minor  
Mantel: Thin Minor

**Musical Quotations:** In *Ukulele* and *Piano* as:  
C. K. 290  
**Musical Quotation No. 6** in B Flat, E. 108  
**Schubert:** Trio in D Flat, Op. 89  
**Schubert:** Quartet in A ("The Trout"), Op. 147  
**Schubert:** Quintet in A Minor, Op. 28  
**Schubert:** Quintet in D Major ("Depth and Light"), Op. 143

Polkerson, *Question 5 Plus Op. 46*  
Turkmenov, *Question 5 Plus Op. 33*

Leopold Holakowski, having started the strike in south of the Rio Grande, put his All-American Youth Orchestra through its paces in a Carnegie Hall concert. Accompanied by a sky-blue-streak bluish lily-apricot and fuchsia house-lilies, his trained choir performed with

Downloaded from ascelibrary.org by University of California, San Diego on 06/01/14. Copyright ASCE, For All Rights Reserved, No part of this document may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from ASCE.



<sup>11</sup> 'If it's a hat, madam, you can exchange it on the fourteenth floor'



*"Are you sure that was an experienced repair man you sent over this morning?  
My furnace sputtering, my phone is ringing and I've got Raymond  
Green being kind of in an ill state about."*







for her

1. A black and white striped scarf
2. A pair of high-heeled shoes
3. A red bowl
4. A small clock
5. A pair of high-heeled shoes
6. A striped scarf
7. A small clock
8. A pair of high-heeled shoes
9. A red bowl
10. A small clock
11. A pair of high-heeled shoes
12. A striped scarf
13. A small clock
14. A pair of high-heeled shoes
15. A red bowl
16. A small clock
17. A pair of high-heeled shoes
18. A striped scarf
19. A small clock
20. A pair of high-heeled shoes

for her

1. A pair of high-heeled shoes
2. A striped scarf
3. A small clock
4. A pair of high-heeled shoes
5. A red bowl
6. A small clock
7. A pair of high-heeled shoes
8. A striped scarf
9. A small clock
10. A pair of high-heeled shoes
11. A red bowl
12. A small clock
13. A pair of high-heeled shoes
14. A striped scarf
15. A small clock
16. A pair of high-heeled shoes
17. A red bowl
18. A small clock
19. A pair of high-heeled shoes
20. A striped scarf



5 to 10 dollars



for him

1. A white shirt
2. A pair of gloves
3. A small clock
4. A pair of high-heeled shoes
5. A red bowl
6. A small clock
7. A pair of high-heeled shoes
8. A striped scarf
9. A small clock
10. A pair of high-heeled shoes
11. A red bowl
12. A small clock
13. A pair of high-heeled shoes
14. A striped scarf
15. A small clock
16. A pair of high-heeled shoes
17. A red bowl
18. A small clock
19. A pair of high-heeled shoes
20. A striped scarf

for him

1. A pair of high-heeled shoes
2. A striped scarf
3. A small clock
4. A pair of high-heeled shoes
5. A red bowl
6. A small clock
7. A pair of high-heeled shoes
8. A striped scarf
9. A small clock
10. A pair of high-heeled shoes
11. A red bowl
12. A small clock
13. A pair of high-heeled shoes
14. A striped scarf
15. A small clock
16. A pair of high-heeled shoes
17. A red bowl
18. A small clock
19. A pair of high-heeled shoes
20. A striped scarf



10 to 25 dollars













### Art Then Women?

*Continued from page 40-41*

There's also a lot of talk about the fact that he was looking for a job, but he never found one. When was he going to find one? He didn't know. He was broke. He wanted to find a job, but he didn't know how to find one. He was looking for a job, but he never found one. When was he going to find one? He didn't know. He was broke. He wanted to find a job, but he didn't know how to find one.

quarrels "the really most something." His eyes lay open, "the" 10

It is not surprising, then,

"I think I'd sign a peace officer—  
about parking pots."

"I don't know anything  
new"

### The Bay Wonder

Continued from page 19

to do nothing

It is not oversteering, therefore































"Look what Jennie's boss did just so he wouldn't have to pay a surplus profits tax!"

## For Distinguished Service

MONIQUE OF

### The 10th Royal Hussars

(Price of War's Oath)

From its origin at Warburg, in 1760, to its status as Prince and Princess of Wales' Regiment, the 10th Royal Hussars has been decorated with many battle honors for distinguished service.

MONIQUE OF

### Dewar's "White Label"

Good Wine, the best Scotch Whisky, is the best for the best.

Good Wine, the best Scotch Whisky, is the best for the best.

Historians agree that Scotch Whisky, distilled under the name of "White Label" and only highball of the highlands. Seasoned water, golden champagne, a hot man must plan the medals of honor for distinguished service. There's why to gentlemen the world over, the color of the day... and night... is Dewar's "White Label" Company... it's real!

THE HOUSE OF DEWAR'S  
ESTABLISHED 1846  
THE HOUSE OF DEWAR'S  
ESTABLISHED 1846  
THE HOUSE OF DEWAR'S  
ESTABLISHED 1846

COMMAND

DEWAR'S

... AND BE

"AT EASE"

Dewar's

## "White Label"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD



Each 60 c. Blended Scotch Whisky. Copyright 1940, Schenley Import Company, New York



White Label 8 years old

Black & White 12 years old

also known as the Fine Old













































## Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!



FORREST LEWIS (above) is an independent tobacco expert. Like most other independent auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, he smokes Luckies.

These men see with their own eyes that Luckies buy the finer tobaccos.

That's important—for Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. Yes, authoritative tests reveal that, for over two years, the nicotine

content of Luckies has been less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.\*

You see, Luckies analyze tobacco samples before buying—so we can pick out leaf that is ripe and mellow yet mild—low in nicotine.

Only Luckies give you such genuine mildness. Try them for a week. Remember—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

### \* NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940  
Lucky Strike has averaged

- 9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
- 20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
- 15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
- 4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

***Luckies—the smoke tobacco experts smoke***